



T4T ZINE ISSUE 3

CONTENT ADVISORY 18+

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TRANS RIGHTS
OR I BITES!

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The Night Road

2

Ava Alice

when i'm alone
and the sky unfurls
where the moonlight sings
i walk the road

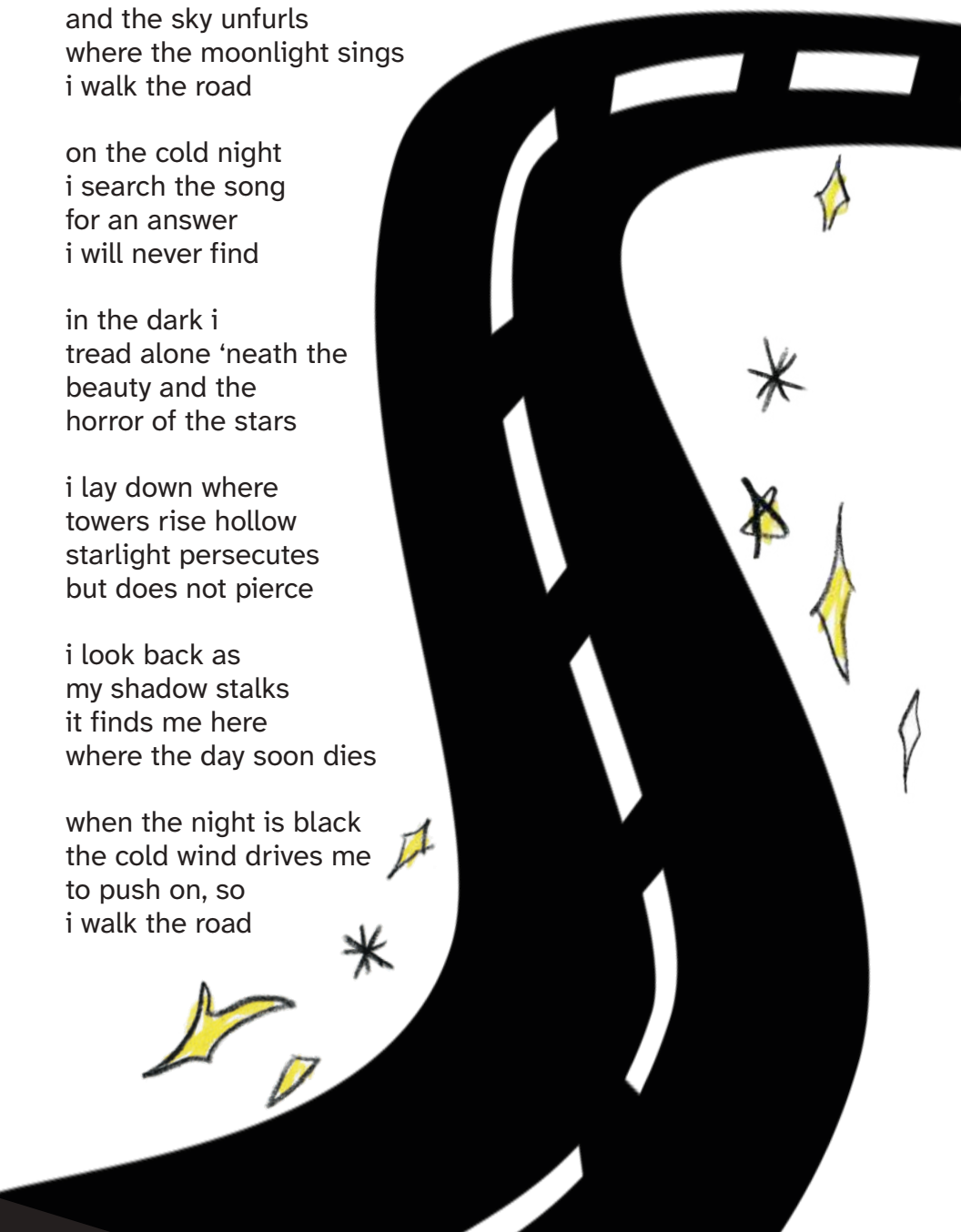
on the cold night
i search the song
for an answer
i will never find

in the dark i
tread alone 'neath the
beauty and the
horror of the stars

i lay down where
towers rise hollow
starlight persecutes
but does not pierce

i look back as
my shadow stalks
it finds me here
where the day soon dies

when the night is black
the cold wind drives me
to push on, so
i walk the road



Knight Lights

E.M. Antonio



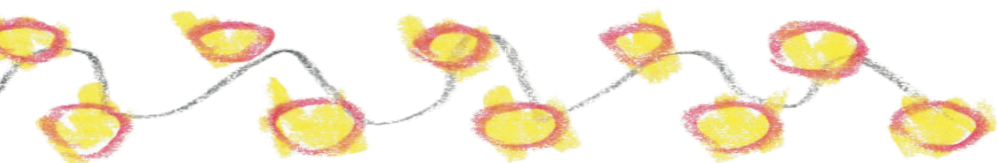
The familiar sound of armored boots against stone was enough to put me on edge. Surely someone would have seen his clumsy escape, his gallivanting towards the woods? Surely I would be heard following, a metallic symphony betraying his scheme. Undoubtedly, *he* did not care. His status granted him freedom, and my presence granted him the protection to pursue it. I often asked how no one else knew about this place, how I was the only other soul that was allowed at the clearing with the babbling spring. He only looked back at me with that familiar glint in his eye— one I was never able to comprehend.

We passed over the wall; he was much more spry than I, as expected. But he still stood at the ledge, willing to help me over the palace garden's threshold. It was as if my plated cocoon weighed nothing to him. Or if he did feel the burden of my body, he simply *did* not care.

Shuffling through the grass, he looked back at me several times. Was he fearful that I would leave him? Was he weary of abandonment? After all this time, it could still be the case, could it not? If I were a different man. If I were not his. But he knew me, and he still had that light in his eye. He reached his hand out, urging me to take it so he could pull me closer.

The whispering song of the spring did not alleviate my fears; no, it only allowed them to echo across the green. The way the moonlight reflected off the water— the way it reflected off *him*? My breath hitched, my core collapsing onto itself. Night after night, I made myself believe *this is wrong*. Night after night, I ignored those warnings.





He looked back at me, starlight glimmering in his irises and caressing his delicate cheek. My heart raced as his lips softened into a smile.

“What if someone sees you?” I thought aloud, my voice catching at the back of my throat. It was a phrase I was all too familiar with saying.

His smile only widened, and he only laughed. His voice was like molten gold, sweet like honey. He replied with his usual statement, a delicate song. “No one has to know what we do.”

The moonlight nestled itself against his form. The light in his eyes flickered with hope, adoration. All I could do was stare and pray that I was allowed the blessing of touching him. His eyes dazzled, and I began to realize that my eyes ought to have looked the same to him.



reimagination of finality

Shannon Dunn

we find
ourselves gathered, eating
grapes under the trees.

biting
into a ripened plum, i paint
your mouth with the excess

nectar.
later, even the stars turn,
blushing at our devotion to

our lives,
to our friends, to ourselves.
the true beauty of it all is

the epilogue:
our expired bodies finding
solace beneath grief-stricken

earth.



Your stop was next.

Jace Lockewood

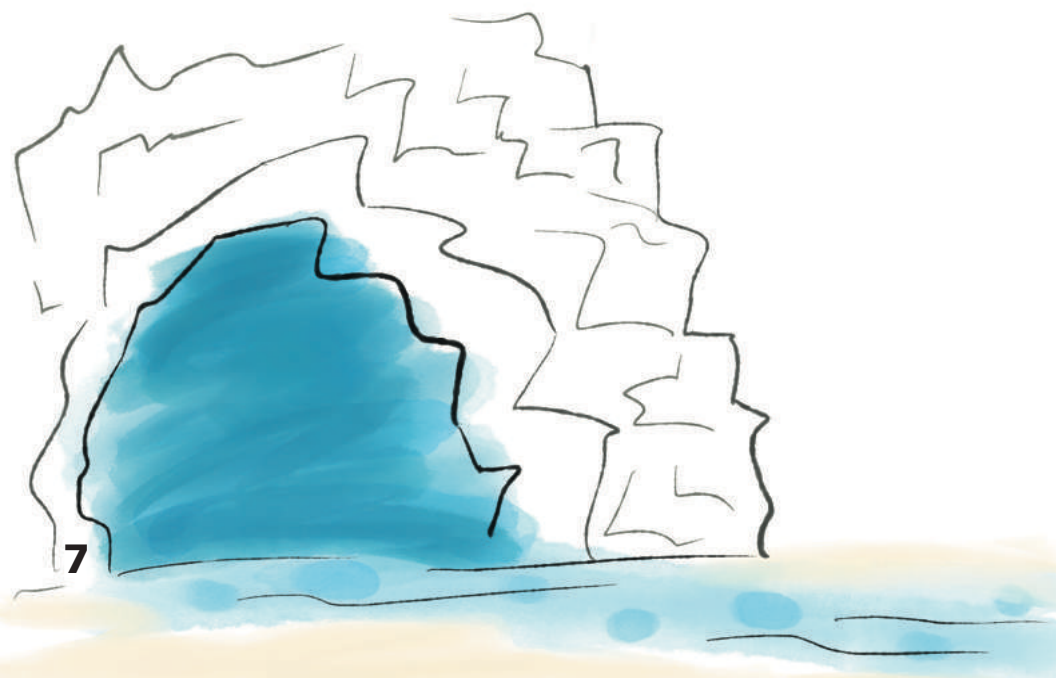
Remember when we were the sum of our parents' parents?
When we were the sum of our own.
Violence, never the answer, seemingly just set in the solution.
We would bond over men we did not name.
The cross along a girl's neck, more ward than religion.
Peace kept at the price of a man.
As the story goes.
Your stop was next,
I didn't feel like this when we shared a seat at the table.
I look back now, with jaded eyes—
Call it envy, in a man's tongue.
Pull back my iris, and you'll find her there.
As the story goes, how I remember.

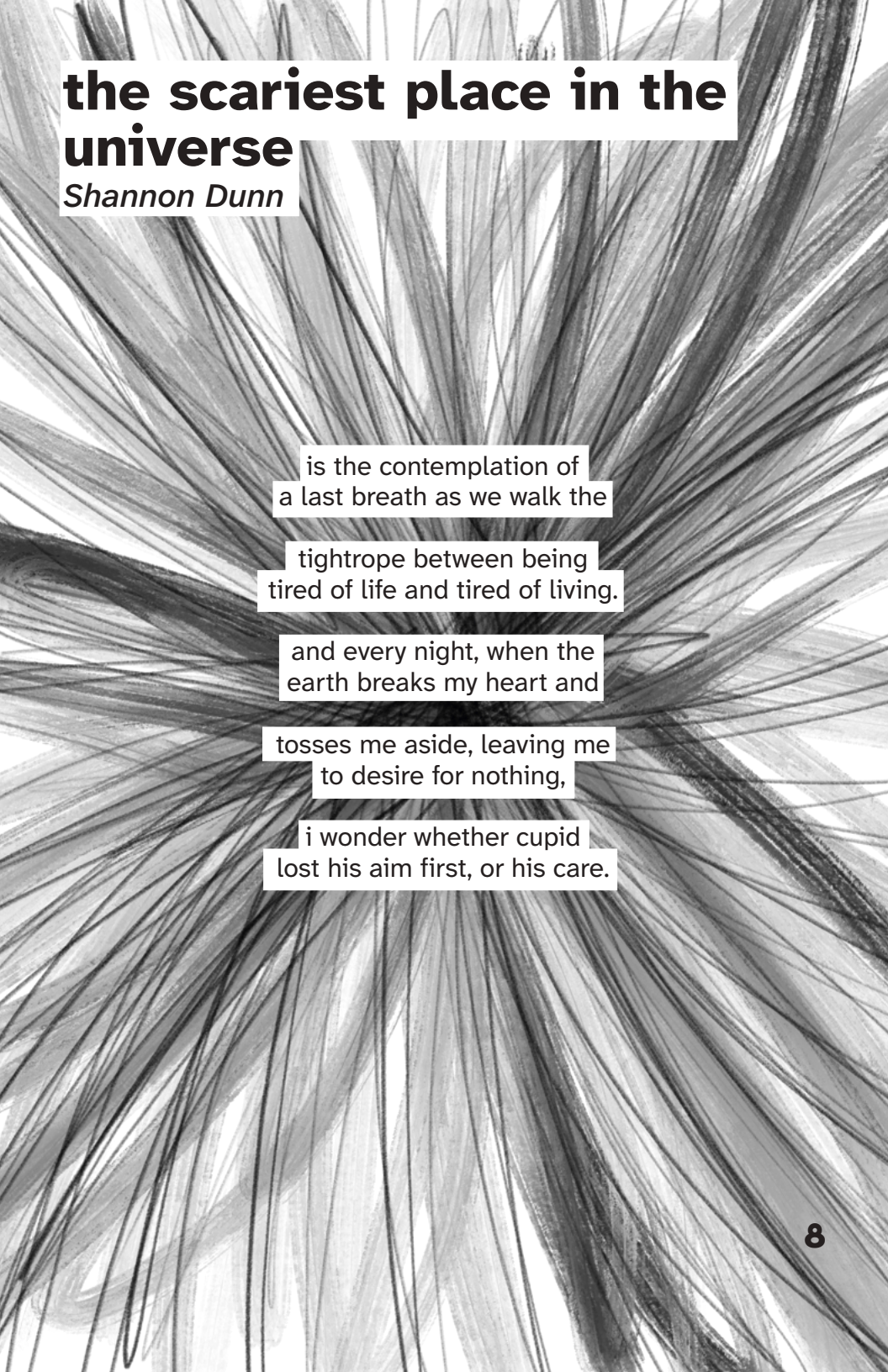


Hanahaki Cove

Jace Lockewood

I have crawled into the caverns of my own gaping chest,
I am grasping at the translucent petals,
Burrowing my fingers into my heart.
The waves spawn from the lashes on my chest
I am flesh and more, forever
I could be yours,
But what will you love, when I endure?
Pearls of worn teeth sink into sandy skin, creating scales—
Last light aflame, signaling demise upon the shores in which the
seaflower sings in the wind...
Uncaring, rend within.
What am I?
When what must grow, becomes a festering old ghost.
Have I died enough to pay for sins the sea only knows?
Lost love to vengeful time.
To sickening blue, I lost my mind





the scariest place in the universe

Shannon Dunn

is the contemplation of
a last breath as we walk the

tightrope between being
tired of life and tired of living.

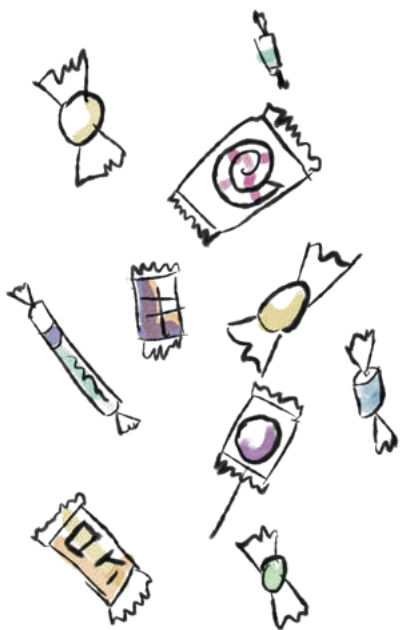
and every night, when the
earth breaks my heart and

tosses me aside, leaving me
to desire for nothing,

i wonder whether cupid
lost his aim first, or his care.

Mateo b(centi.pedal)

Mateo b(centi.pedal)



rainbow

lee

10

I think stems must feel the stretch of becoming flowers.

Like April rains bring growing pains, I cry the most when I'm learning

I can't be still, a till turning and breaking down rocky, dry soil,
or am I the soil?

or am I the stem, cracking through seed walls, fighting gravity,
straining to make a mark in the fat and flesh of the earth

Pulling everything from nothing has to hurt, like mustering the
courage to say I love you for the first time

Or goodbye for the last

But bees and birds and butterflies hum to find new buds, bathe
and bask in pollen

animals crave what once struggled to bloom:

A rose, a berry, an herb,

a reminder that winter thaws in the spring



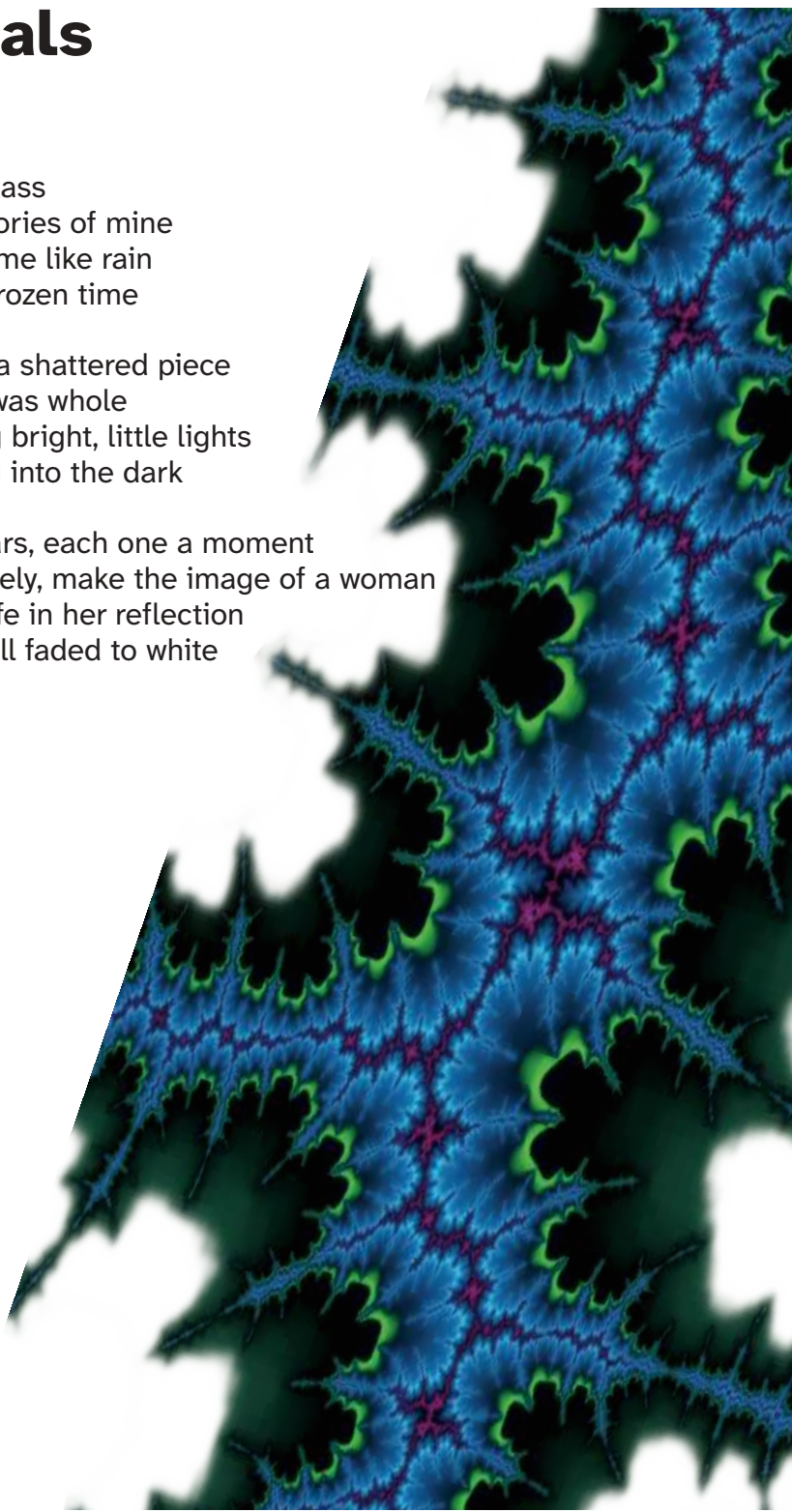
Fractals

Ava Alice

shards of glass
these memories of mine
fall around me like rain
fractals of frozen time

each sliver a shattered piece
what once was whole
shimmering bright, little lights
all tumbling into the dark

dazzling stars, each one a moment
tiny and lonely, make the image of a woman
bearing a life in her reflection
the colors all faded to white



Daydream

12

Instagram: @lavenderdaydream

Daydream is a drag queen entity that performs through the body of Lavender

Daydream is a Scorpio, Lavender is a Pisces
Daydream is that bitch, she is hot and everybody knows it
Daydream is the dark feminine, Lavender is the light
Daydream oozes cunt, Lavender is a flower

Daydream has no childhood
You look into her eyes and you see a wolf, eyes as dark as the universe
She isn't as sensitive as Lavender

Daydream is decisive and confident
When Lavender has something important to say, Daydream holds her hand and Lavender is reminded of the importance of what she is saying
When sensitive Lavender has a heart journey that goes too far, Daydream covers her heart and pulls it back

Daydream whispers the secrets of the universe into Lavender's sweet ears, and Lavender contemplates while Daydream doesn't think twice
Daydream is versatile, she is angry she is mad she is feral she is funny in a different more intense way than Lavender, she exists in the air

Lavender gives Daydream space on earth, she gives her access to her face for makeup and body for clothes
Daydream gives Lavender clarity and life like the new moon
Lavender is learning to accept that she can't control Daydream, but she needs her



CW: Political

Nickle

The United States are falling apart
Palestine is being erased
The United Kingdom has banned Wikipedia
California gov making it unsafe for trans
Trans woman are being disappeared by ICE
They want to ban vaccines
They want us dead
I do what I can
I share information
I protest if I am able
It doesn't feel like enough
I still have to do the normal things
I make food
I shower
I go to work
I sleep
But most of all
I cry

**EAT
THE
RICH**

**Deportation tears
families apart.**

Mateo b(centi.pedal)

Good! Sounds like Charlotte will get safer!!!
Reply 16
"These guys still had the audacity to smile and wave at the camera," he said of the U.S. Border Patrol agents.



Go ice go baby. Old catch a mole
Reply 16

charlotteobserver.com
Super G manager in Pin
agents dragging out to

Great job ICE you are making America safer with every deportation.
Reply 20
Great job keep it going too many i
us!!!
Reply 1
12 replies

Tell me where the ICE guys are at. I'd lo
buy them a pizza for their hard work
Reply 338
View 92 replies

Steve Woodson · 7h
Ice ice baby going home to ol Me
Reply 183
View 4 replies

What I voted for great work
Reply 76
I just want to make another report pretty soon our Lakes are going to be Frozen with ice lol

Go get them, ICE, ICE BA
Reply 28

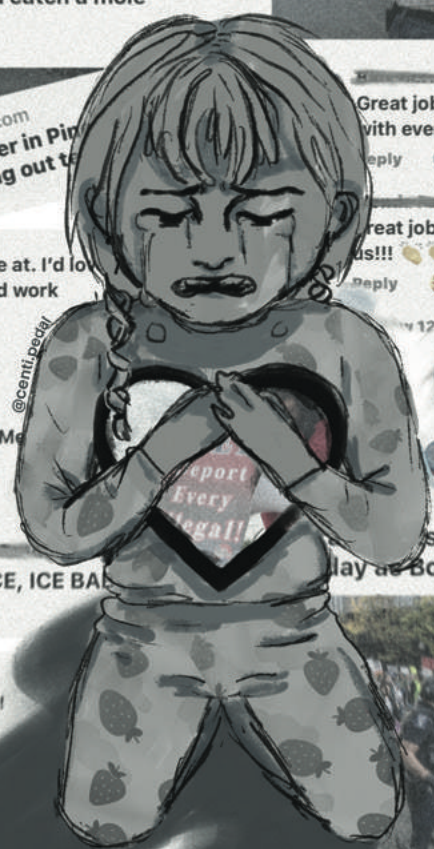
...s have started making arrest
lay as Border Patrol officers hav... S

It's cockroach removal time!
Reply 53
View 13 replies

Good job ICE and Trump
Reply
Hell yeah ICE come to myrtle!!
reply 56



wpde.com
Charlotte officials attempt to calm resident
Border Patrol operations start



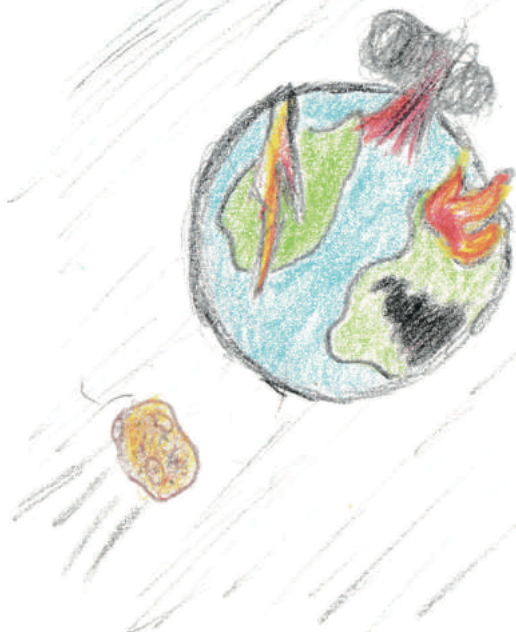
the world is ending

Nickle

The world is ending
I wake up
The world is ending
I make food
The world is ending
I get ready for work
The world is ending
I go to work
The world is ending
I go home
The world is ending
I hangout with friends
The world is ending
I kiss my love
The world is ending
I laugh
The world is ending
I love
The world is ending
I cry
The world is ending
I take my meds
The world is ending
I see my family
The world is ending
I go shopping
The world is ending
I go online
The world is ending
I watch TV

11

The world is ending
I go to the movies
The world is ending
I go out to dinner
The world is ending
I build community
The world is ending
I get angry
The world is ending
I get drunk
The world is ending
I get high
The world is ending



Trying to Stop the End

Asteri K. (*StargazingStar* online)

The skin of the world cracked around her, trying and failing to keep it from shattering completely, she was the last line. Many had already died, and many more would perish if her concentration broke.

The world groaned as she pumped white hot power into the cracks, pulling them back together through sheer force of will as they pulled against her. Every person who went through the portal behind her was going to stay alive because of her, and she still wasn't really sure how she felt about it. Even at this end of her world.

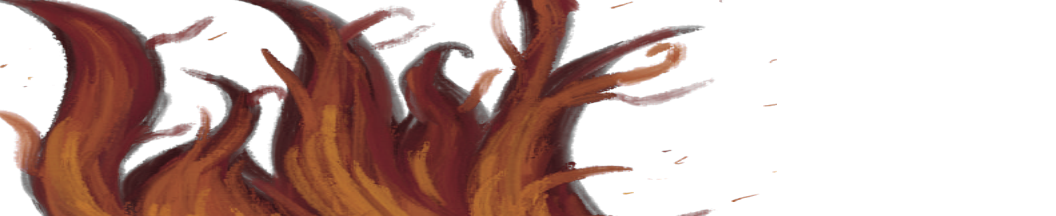
She supposed it has been a good run, this universe of hers, something to focus on as she used her entire being in a way that she never would've admitted was painful.

She knew, she knew, that there was someone behind her. Someone near the portal who didn't want her to die in a brilliant blaze of glory, she was watching her as she held open the envelope while she wished she'd just go through and save herself.

She wasn't going to die here, she'd jump through right at the last second, but, she had to let as many people as possible get through. She had to.

She didn't notice when the weight became too great, and the universe snapped past her magic. She didn't notice as the woman behind her just barely managed to grab her shirt and pull them both backwards through the portal- falling more than walking. As her vision dimmed and went dark.

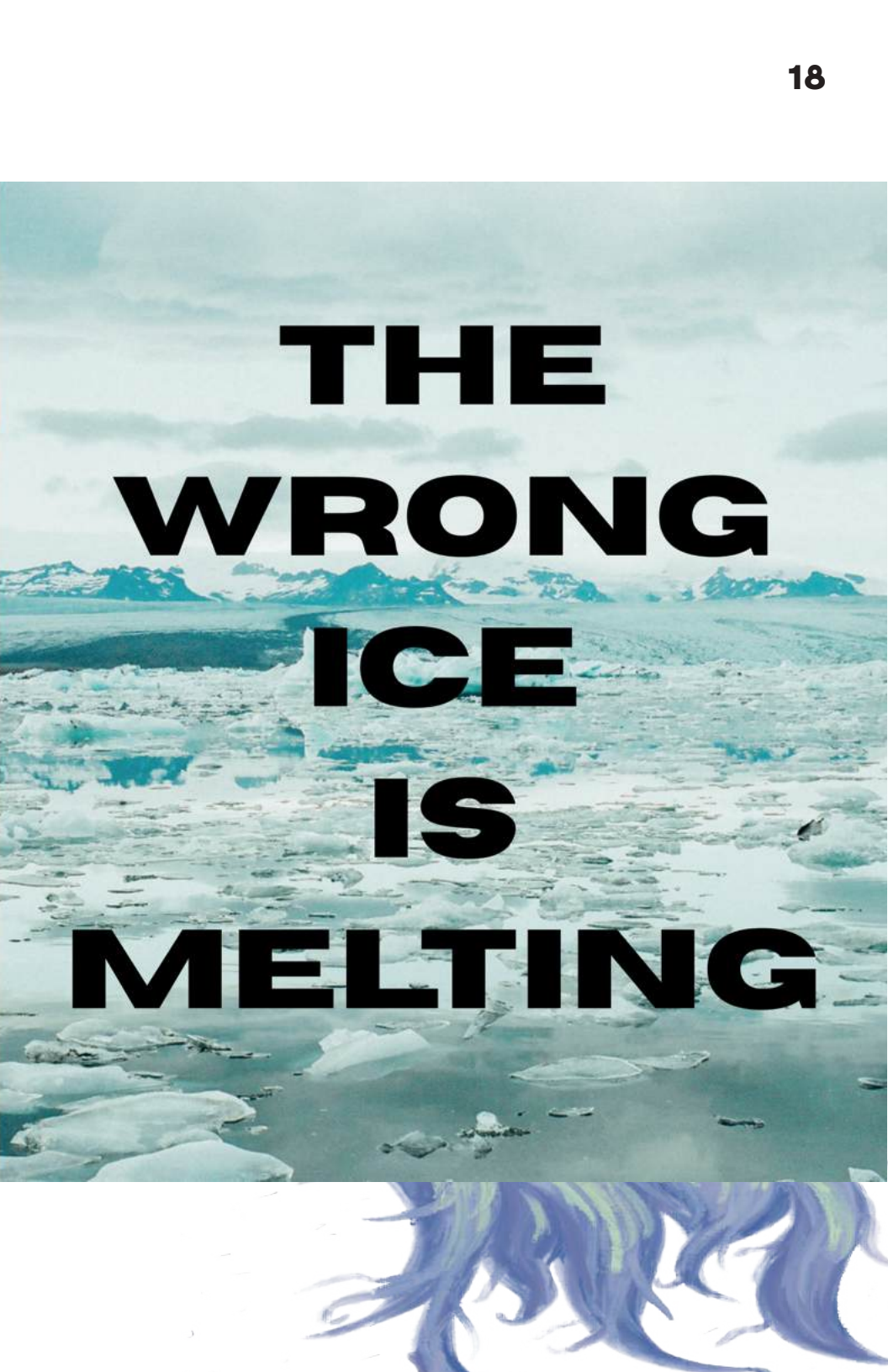
She'd never know how close she was to death.



THE WRONG AMAZON IS BURNING

Untitled

Phizzi



THE WRONG ICE IS MELTING



A Triassic Cuddle Set in Stone

Jace Lockewood

If I must sleep, don't let me sleep alone.

Let them find my bones intertwined like two questions left unanswered.

Oh why?! And when will I?

With my bones lay to rest, what story will there be? To tell inside my DNA, what cannot be written in stone, without the embrace of another.

I was kind, I was kind, and I rested.

I loved, and tangled with the best.

And I would curl up with those unfamiliar, cohabitate with dissimilar bones, and touch skin to skin.

When my heart is thick, breath pale,

I give my soul to love, as I lay with another.

I will not sleep alone.



Badlands

20

Jayme Sponsel

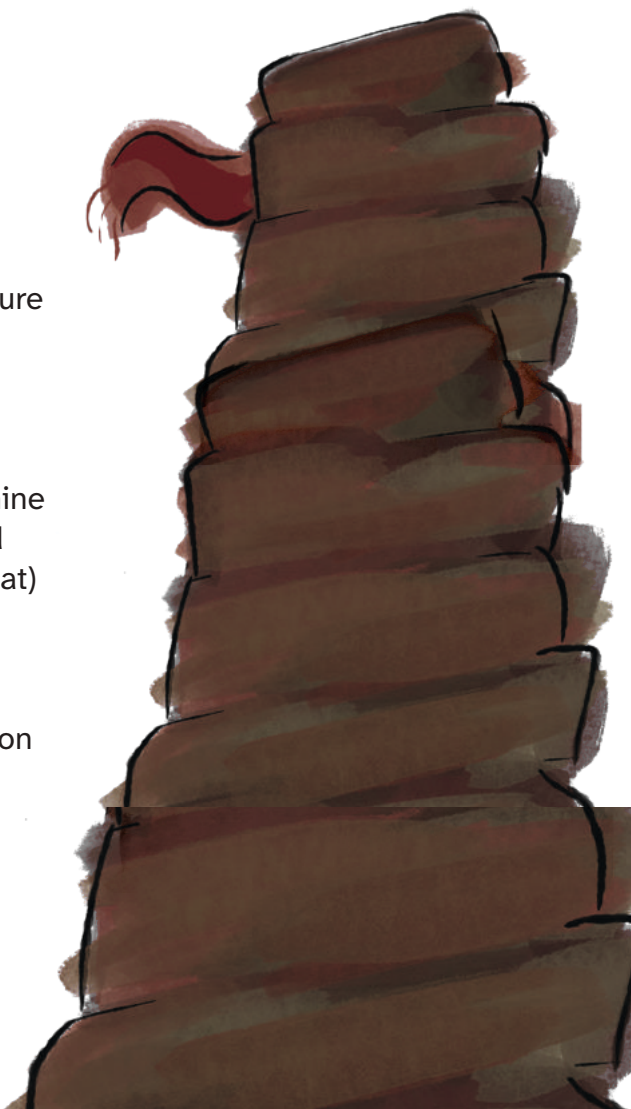
Will the scavengers know
what to make of my bones
when they take my thorax
hold up that box
I learned so well to lift

Scratch out my thoughts
with toothbrushes
lay down the pieces
on unfurled cloth—
rearrange me
in tidy patterns

Say look, a velociraptor
you can tell by the curvature
of the claws. The shape
of the hips

Traveler, please
don't bury these words mine
I just wanted to be called
a clever girl (and if not that)
just a girl

And to be seen with eyes
not seized with expectation
of the impending slash—
a voice being torn away...





The Most Personal Resistance

Taiga

I have snapshots of a forbidden childhood tucked away in the back of my mind: breezy skirts and charming dresses, cute but impractical shoes, silky hair done in braids for the first day of school. Moments like standing on my tiptoes to kiss a boy outside of gym, flustered and red in the face when my friends ask me about it later, are petite *faux mémoires* I draw on when feeling blue. Who does it hurt for me to reminisce in the fantasy of learning makeup alongside other girls my age? There's no danger of mixing up what was with what could have been, no difficulty in talking with classmates about the past we had in common. Where enemies of freedom revel in denying us moments of happiness, holding onto them anyway feels defiant and assertive.



in memory of girlhood

Shannon Dunn

i am holding the hand
of my childhood self.

she is scared.
so am i.

we lay together.

i remind her that
we have both seen
the same moon.

she smiles in
all her gap-toothed,
messy-hair glory
and looks up.

there is so much
she doesn't know.



Cough Drops are not Candy

Cherri

COUGH DROPS ARE NOT CANDY



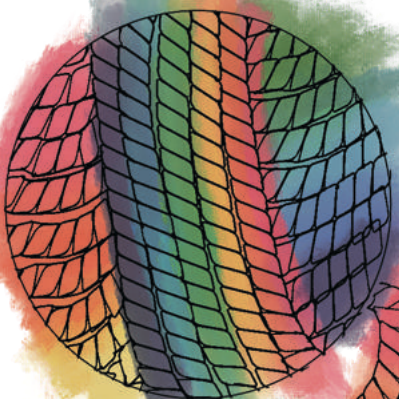
-CHERRI-35

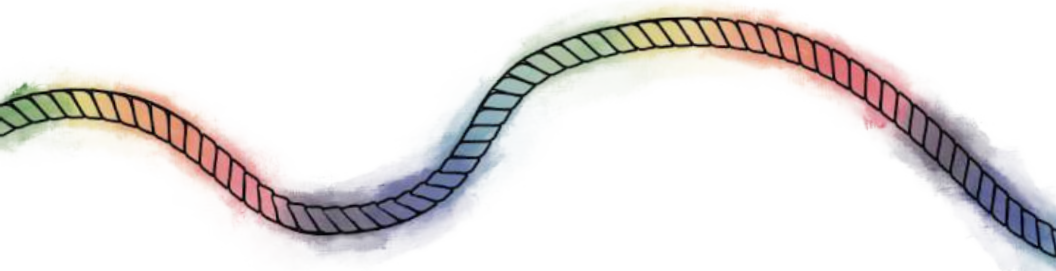
a tangle of identities

Mx. Casey Suggs

Let me begin by telling you- I am a crocheter. I started the way all crocheters do- with a terrible scarf. Then a slightly less terrible hat. Then a blanket I never finished- I pulled it all out and used the yarn in other projects, eventually. And what I have discovered, as I kept up the craft until I was decent, then good, then maybe even great, is that my life is a lot like a crazy WIP.

The yarn that makes up my life are my identities. Some are easy to work with, even if they haven't always been. Daughter is a staple yarn- a versatile navy, standard weight yarn. It's woven into every part of my life, though I can see the areas where it's become frayed, the yarn becoming untwisted from being frogged again and again as I figured out how to make it fit with new yarns in my life. That staple navy yarn is frayed most where I first joined another yarn to my WIP- a yarn that started lace thin, fragile as I first started figuring out my queer identity. My navy yarn has grown stronger, now, and is now one of the nicest yarns I get to work with every day.

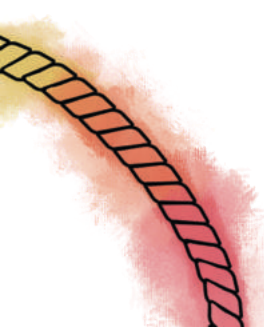




As I have grown into my queer identity, the yarn has gotten thicker, more comfortable to work with, and variegated into a kaleidoscope of colors. The hue has shifted over the years as I tried on different labels- asexual, lesbian, bisexual- until I found the words that fit just right- queer, and later, adding depth to my rainbow yarn, genderqueer. There are parts of my WIP that are threadbare, where I tried to keep the colorful yarn to one small corner of my life.

There are other yarns, or materials vaguely shaped like yarn, I suppose. I've got jute twine that I have to work into my life- named anxiety and depression. In the hardest of times, my project has been deeply challenging to work, my hands aching and my skin chapped as I work with a material that isn't made for crochet. But it is manageable more often than not, and my WIP continues to grow, even if jute twine shows up somewhere in every row.

Some yarns look nice but are difficult to work with. Eyelash yarn is fun to look at- shiny and almost tinsel-like- but it's scratchy against the skin and stitches are difficult to see. Right now, teaching is eyelash yarn- a fun challenge, though I have to work very hard to make it make sense for me. Every year of teaching I have under my belt, the less like eyelash yarn teaching becomes. I look forward to it becoming a staple yarn, like daughter.



The top corners of the page are decorated with wavy, multi-colored lines. The top-left line transitions from orange to yellow to green. The top-right line transitions from blue to green to yellow.

Other yarns hide barbs. Religion is a yarn I don't know how to put down- it was one of my first yarns, and it's part of the foundation of my WIP- how do I cut it out now, even if it has needles sprinkled throughout and I keep pulling my fingers away, bleeding when I pick it back up? Or niece- a deeply complex yarn, multistranded with clashing colors, with one strand that feels like it's made of briars instead of fiber. I don't know how to separate the briars from the good yarn without unraveling the entire skein, and I don't want to put down the good yarn.

Mostly, as I step back to look at the WIP that is my life, I am grateful for the people that have stopped to help me untangle my yarn again and again, and I hope that they'll be willing to help me keep untangling as I find more ways to get my yarns caught on themselves.

The Seven Hour Ballad

Ava Alice



at 12 am the door opens as i lie still in bed
from shadows deep the creatures creep to play around my head
at 1 am the curtains draw and show a brand new guest
the moonlight bathes a looming shape who longs to join the rest

at 2 am i hear a voice that whispers to me 'soon'
the shadows prance and dance around all bound to a dark tune

at 3 am the clock rings out and i begin to spin
through blurring dark i catch a shape - something else has
slipped in

at 4 am my senses flare, my heart begins to pound
the shadows crawl across my skin while making not a sound

at 5 am i scream and cry yet not a noise escapes
unliving eyes stare down at me as my mind twists and shapes

at 6 am the sun breaks through to flood my room in red
the shadows slip right out the door and leave me in my bed

at 7 am my eyes shut wide, at last i now can move
i look around and realize this room is not my room



Dream Souls

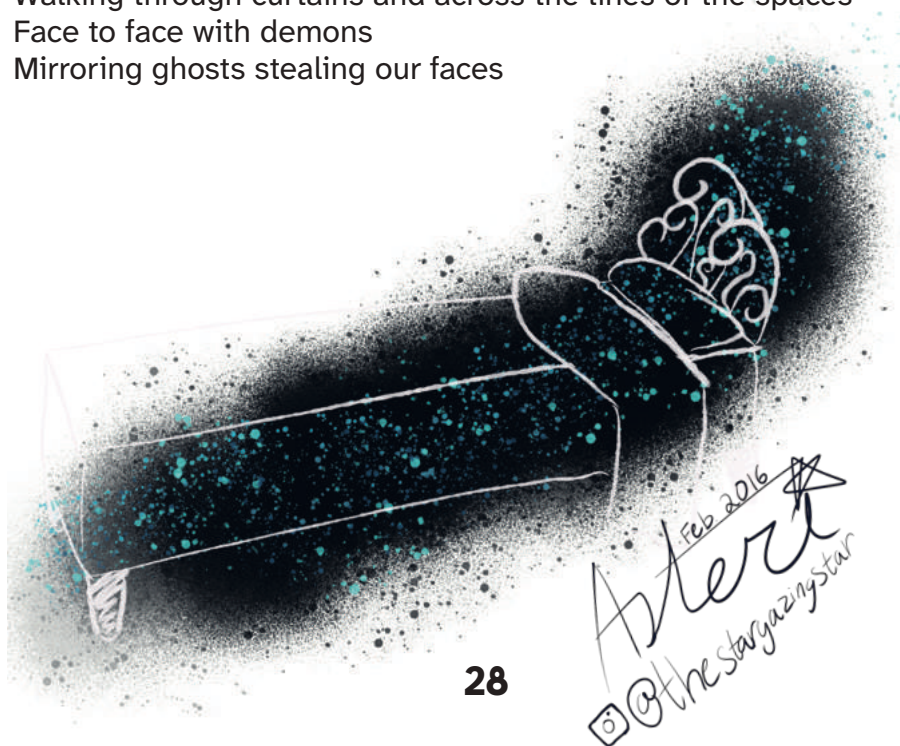
Alex (*simplycifer*)

Why can't I sleep anymore
Where has my dreaming soul gone before
Am I the same at my core
I push and push, but can't open the door

We walk to faraway places
Among the curtains and lines between the spaces
Hand in hand with demons
And ghosts who have our faces

Why can't I sleep anymore
Has my dreaming soul wandered here before
Will I ever be the same at my core
I run between our minds, but can't find the door

We're here in faraway places
Walking through curtains and across the lines of the spaces
Face to face with demons
Mirroring ghosts stealing our faces

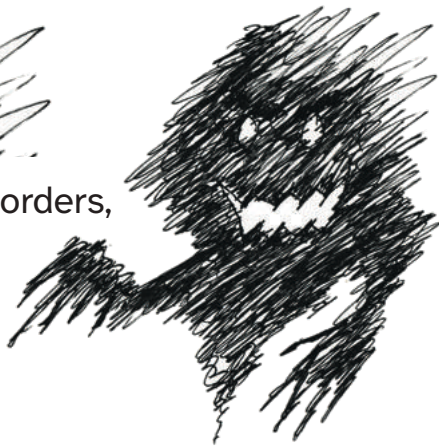


Temporary Shelter

Anonymous



Trigger warning: Eating disorders,
binge eating



Please don't tell me food addiction isn't real
Because even after I eventually make peace with food
There will still be a part of me that
lives below the surface- stewing, burbling,
Animalistic, wanting desperately to be free
And if breaks the surface, its claws will shoot
Out faster than a bullet, and with a sideways gait it
Will sneak up on its prey, take it to the forest and consume it
quickly, Tearing the skin with its teeth
Blood dripping down its chin as chunks of flesh fall to the
ground And after crunching through the bones,
It will discard the prey and retract its claws,
Then look for a place to rest, a temporary shelter before
searching for another kill.



**Loved for you,
not what you do.**

A black and white cartoon illustration of a black cat standing on its hind legs. The cat is holding a white rectangular card in front of its chest with both front paws. It has a speech bubble coming from its mouth that says "RECENTLY, I HAD A MAJOR SURGERY". Another speech bubble, positioned below the first one, says "SO I NEED TO REST LOTS". The cat has a small tuft of hair on its head and a long, curved tail. The background is a simple grey gradient.

AND SO I THOUGHT-

I WILL TRY TO
VIEW MYSELF AS
MY LOVED ONES DO

The Color of Grace

Rev. Debra J. Hopkins

In the hush before dawn,
when the ocean whispers secrets
to the sand,
I remember the ache of silence,
the hollow weight of rooms
where love should have lived.

Shadows of family,
some tender, some sharp,
echo in my chest—
their voices,
like wind through brittle leaves,
like city lights flickering
against rain-streaked glass,
sometimes warm, sometimes cold,
always demanding, always judging.

I've walked corridors of hate,
felt the sting of eyes
that could not see me,
that refused the shape of my truth,
but even there,
my heart held a fragile pulse,
beating stubbornly,
a quiet rebellion of hope.

And then came love—
not the easy, soft kind,
but the kind that recognizes scars,
that bends to cradle them,
that leans into laughter and tears alike.
Hands intertwined,
breaths mingling,
hearts daring to trust
what the world once denied.

I feel the hum of the city,
the soft murmur of the trees,
the endless sigh of waves,
and in each sound
I find the melody of me,
unfolding,
unbroken,
bright as the first sunlight on copper skin.

True love is not a color I expected,
but it is the color I see
when I look in the mirror
and finally know myself in me.
It is the crimson of pain endured,
the gold of family still held,
the sapphire of identity embraced,
and the gentle lavender of dreams
that once seemed impossibly far.

Here, under a sky that remembers every storm, with ocean and city
and forest and light around me,
I am not afraid.
I am not hidden.
I am whole.
I am loved.
Wrapped in the color of grace.
I am grace.

Pink Poetry Club

Nickle



Pink Poetry Club

I'm gonna keep on writing at the
Pink Poetry Club

I'm gonna keep on creating down in
The Queen City

I'm gonna keep on writing at the
Pink Poetry Club, Pink Poetry Club

PINK
POETRY
CLUB



TRANSTIFA

Thanks to:

- The Zine Team (Len, Star, AJ, Taiga)
- All the artists who submitted <3
- The Doodlers (Star, Jolene, Finley Rose, Nickle, Jade, Bri, Candy B., Evelyn S.)
- The T4Tclt community (Discord 700 strong!)
- Our Open Collective supporters
- and You for reading!



Want to be featured
in future issues?



Scan the QR code
to submit to issue 4!

[https://www.t4tclt.com/
zine-submission](https://www.t4tclt.com/zine-submission)



cisn't

QUEEN!

T4Tclt is a trans-led organization committed to building gender expansive community in Charlotte. We focus on cultivating safe community spaces as well as supporting the community through mutual aid and transformative justice. We host regular weekly events in and around the Charlotte area and on our private discord.

Not sure if T4Tclt is right for you? Everyone is always welcome at our events, so come see if the vibe feels right! For lists of upcoming events, find us on instagram or check out our calendar and monthly newsletter on our website.

This is the third issue of our community zine, created by and for our community members. Want to submit for our next issue? Just email, message us on instagram, or let us know on Discord.

Website: T4Tclt.com
Instagram: @T4TCLT

Email: t4tcharlottenc@gmail.com
Discord: Ask at one of our events!

MADE IN 2026

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